

Owingsville Outlook.

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OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

WHAT TIME HE WENT.

What time he went to rest—
His tired hands folded over his sinews
breast.

Leave the glory and the grace and light
Leave till the day and darkness holds the
night.

Through a voice whispered: "Both not
dead now."—
What time he went to rest.

What time he went to rest?
And his cold lips were to his mother's
breast.

With kind lips I said: "Eternity
Is like a little noose tight for me!"

And still that voice: "Both not the Lord
do best."

What time he went to rest?

Still till the sunlight streams,
But ever, in the mystery of dreams,
I see his mother kissing him. I see
His dear arms like a necklace circling me;

And forever: "Will not the Lord do
best?"

And him at rest—at rest!

Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

MY STRANGE PATIENT.

By William Nichols

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XVII.—CONTINUED.

It was difficult to imagine that the gentleman in question, in his intimacy with my friends, had been entirely accustomed by regard for an elderly person half mad about her health. I felt something akin to a pang of jealousy, though I tried to conceal my interest.

"There was a curious place to run across such an admirer of transatlantic civilization, was it not?"

"Our meeting was purely accidental. We were lumbering in the restaurant of one of the hotels when he came in and took the table next to ours. He hardly recognized him at first; he had aged much since we saw him last. We were delighted at the meeting, and I think it pleased him as well. He told us that he had been traveling extensively in this country, but evidently he had not enjoyed the life here. In fact, and he fell into a discussion of the manners and customs of the good people of the United States. You should have heard her; she is patriotic to the core. She told him he had had no opportunity to let her know the people really live, and then she insisted on his telling her all he knew for a few days at least, to get just the experience in which he was lacking. He accepted the invitation, after a little hesitation. Honestly, I think he was glad to escape the hotel for awhile. Last evening he and I talked for hours about their travels about this place and its people. She told him how she was gaining under your care, and how fortunate she was in securing such skillful attendance in the country. Perhaps it is as well that you didn't hear her. Flattery is dangerous sometimes, isn't it?"

"You should know better than I."

"Nothing but good was said of you," she said, "and I am so glad to have you with us, and your regular assistance, and the one man who lives over there." She pointed to the knoll, with which we were almost abreast, being distant from it hardly 100 yards.

"She told him what a hermit existed near Mr. — Lamar, that is his name, isn't it? — seems to prefer."

"Was he interred?"

"Shall I tell you the plain truth? It may spoil the story."

"The truth always," said I.

"At first he was interested, but very soon he delicately managed to change the subject."

"I don't blame him," I muttered, with a glance at the house showing above the scrubby trees. Her glance followed mine.

"Do — Maria," she asked, after a pause, "is she Mr. Lamar dead? When I tried to rouse somebody in his house the other day, the place was as unresponsive as a tomb."

"The comparison is excellent," said I, avoiding a direct answer to her query, as most men with an aversion to unnecessary falsehoods would have avoided it. "The servant is deaf, and her master is sometimes so self-absorbed that he is even worse off than she."

"What a wretched existence. Is his health altogether gone?"

"He is more comfortable now than when he came here."

I knew that she was studying my face, but I kept my eyes averted.

"It is strange that in this gossip-loving world so little is known of him," she went on. "One reason that he is not noticed here from the south, but that seems to be the limit of knowledge of his antecedents."

"It is the accepted version," said I. "Really, I know little of his history before he retained me."

Our craft was nearing the mouth of the tidal stream, and a few vigorous strokes shot it out upon the smooth water of the bay, hardly rippled by the gentle breeze. To the north were two slopes crawling along on their way to the village. To the south and east curved the long tongue of land which formed the boundary of the bay on two sides and sheltered it from the ocean swell. Not more than a mile apart where the two slopes met, a small fishing boat lay at anchor, with a solitary figure lolling over her side. The whole scene was full of the restfulness of the summer afternoon, and the spell of it stole upon us, as we left behind with the land its anxieties, sorrows and fears. For a time the boat drifted on, propelled more by a current of the bay than by the occasional strokes of the oar. The girl was half reclining, trailing one of her hands in the water and with the other toying with the bands of her parasol, the shaft of which rested on her shoulder. We were both day-dreaming, when a ball came to rouse us from our reveries. Looking down, we saw the boat had come to the anchored craft, and that Johnson, its occupant, had given us warning noise too soon. In a moment we were alongside the catboat, and his hand had caught the gunwale of the skiff.

"Baloo, Johnson!" said I. "what sort of fishing are you doing here? Business or fun?"

"Fun mostly, sir," he answered, pointing to a hand-line hanging over the side. "Nothing of a big game to be caught here. How does the lady like the boat?"

"Very much indeed," said Miss Gray. "You'll find she works every man up," said he.

"We discovered a lot of dried mud on

the thwart," said I. "I see some of it yet."

"The boat was as clean as little yesterday. Somebody must have been out in her 'tween then and now."

"I believe she means to use this morning," I admitted.

"Well, whatever it was," Johnson declared, after a survey of the skiff, "he must have landed somewhere on the flats, where there was mud, and tracked it in when he came aboard again." There's more of his mirths,"

And he sent a long grin into the bow of our little vessel and picked up the stump of a cigarette from the planking. As he held it out for inspection the paper unrolled, showing the dark grains of the tobacco.

"I've seen that sort of cigarette before, Doc, and I guess you have, too, but I didn't know these parts," he said. "Da goes bang."

"You colonel can't be called a very dignified man, no matter when his other virtues may be," said I, as we reentered the tide.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Johnson. "The Doc's, only clever under sail. I'll be glad to show her any little p'nts she needs to pick up."

"Your colonel can't be called a very dignified man, no matter when his other virtues may be," said I, as we reentered the tide.

"What would you say?"

"I'm going to tell him my colonel," the girl asked, and it seemed to me that I detected a slight increase in her color. "He's a friend of my aunt's, hardly of mine, though I've always found him very agreeable."

"And attentive?" I hazarded under the spur of revived jealousy.

"Scarcely," she said, quietly, "though he was always good and true."

The spout went deeper.

"Uh, of course," said I, rashly, "and he must have had such delightful opportunities."

"He is a charming man," she said, with a smile which I did not read easily, and was quite prepared to prolong the teasing had the chance been given her. But, looking over my shoulder, my glance fell upon Lamar's somber visage.

The sight of it made me silent, and suddenly settling down to the tides, I sat the light craft without the wind.

Two hours later, the sun was setting, and the sky was filled with the colors of the sunset.

"The sun is setting," said I, as we reached the shore.

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